But I from estentations pride And hollow pump of riches turn, To muse that ancient born beside; Pause, pilgrim, and its lesson learn:

So live, that thou shalt never make A mill-pond of the mountain tarn, Nor for a gaudy stable take The timbers of thy ruined bagn! Diversions of the Echo Chub," in April Allantic.

deed. Mrs. Cuttlewent was own consinto a lord. Mr. Cuttlewent was a thorough Englishman; he did not like French ways; he preferred to reside in England, the special place prepared and set apart by Providence as a suitable residence for English gentlemen. Mr. Cuttlewent could neither understand nor sympathize with Mrs. Cuttlewent's preference for Paris.

with interest, of course: These little meannesses are sometimes practised by the aristocracy. She would also berrow and forget to send back—not always from weakness of memory, I fear. weakness of memory, I fear.

One day, there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Cuttlewent's serving man was there—a Frenchman, of course; Mrs. Cuttlewent could not endure an English

He was the bearer of Mrs. Cuttlewent's compliments, and a request that "madame would be so good as to lend her beautiful card tables for the would be a good as to lead net scand the card-tables for the evening; Mrs. Cuttle went expected some guests, and her tables were insufficient." The tables went. The following day they were returned, indeed; but the rare and, beautifully ornamiented cards, which were the admiration mented carus, which was removed from the

who lived above them, and declined to know her. Now, Mrs. Outtlewest hal a relish for high society, and felt herself calculated to shine in it. It seemed an easy thing and a favorable change for her what accustomed to the noise, the sounds when the noise the noise of the noise to obtain access to the best French socie-ty through these good maghins; but, though she made constant advances the De Saintvilles made no demonstrations in

De Saintvilles made no demonstrations in return. Her bows, when she occationally met them on the stairs, were coolly returned, and she met with no encouragement in her efforts to bring about a friendly relation with them. After repeated rebuils, Mrs. Cuttlewent began to feel her dignity insulted; and soon, from desiring, of all things, their favorable notice, she went to the other extreme of hating them with all her heart, and to born with an intense desire to make her.

"There is a revolution!" exclaimed the duke; and similar exclamations of alarm and consternation broke from the lips of the others, while visions of the guillotine, heads on the lamp-posts, and other cheering probabilities, flashed through their minds. Just then a burst of laughter from the young marquis gave a fresh turn to alairs.

"My son has gone mad!" cried the marchioness, forgetting her dignity and

hating them with all her heart, and to burs with an intense desire to make her to the marketioness, forgetting her dignity and making a rush at him.

Things were at this pass when the marketion of spate and tribe with that musical idea. As a noyelty, he look to d with all leeves, and tice of scales and trills with praise worthy perseverance. I suppose he technical noyance to Mrs. Cuttlewent. He was to us, in a measure; but "one learns to endure what one cannot core." Lan sure we never contemplated the possibility of putting a stop to his practising. Boait seems, whether out of spite or mith a hope of effecting some result, Mrs. Cut the wont's man appeared, one morning, at the door of the De Saint villes, antechangler, when the sound of the piano proclaimed the marquis completely contemplated to the morning, at the door of the De Saint villes, antechangler, when the sound of the piano proclaimed the marquis completely contemplated to the morning, at the door of the De Saint villes, antechangler, when the sound of the piano proclaimed the marquis completely contemplated to affairs.

In the contemplated the marging in the door of the door of the door of the De Saint villes, antechangler, when the sound of the piano proclaim the marging them at horizon to affairs.

"My son has gone mad!" cried the marking were nothing, but only the greatest into a stand excitement could excuse it on 1 marking a thin.

"There, don't smother me, madame; I am not mad. Oh, I beg pardon—pray exense me, ladies—oh, it is too absurd!

"An an overlay, he don't smother me, madame; I am not mad. Oh, I beg pardon—pray exense me, ladies—oh, it is too absurd!

"The company began to catch the infection, and to excite ment of the friends were nothing, but only the greatest into a finite water of the properties of the french marking were nothing, but only the greatest into a finite were nothing, but only t

JOHN F. BOSWORTH, Editor and Proprietor.

AMERICAN

"Bound by no Party's arbitrary sway, We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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The De Saintvilles were somewhat sur- alarm, and anxious to efface the impressprised. The son was disposed to send a sion of it, and to appear at ease. So the marquis began the story, telling marchioness was not so easily to be dealt it very much as I have told it to you, no

marchioness was not so easily to be dealt with.

"An impertinent person!" she extained; "to dare attempt to Interfere with a gentleman's recreation with her pastry prayers!—Tell your mistress," she charged the servant, "the Marquis de Saintville is surprised at her request, and suggests the expediency of Madame Cuttlewent changing her hours of devotion, if she is disturbed. The Marquis de Saintville's hours are fixed to suit his convenience, and it is out of the question that he should change them."

I fear the effect of this sparring was not a softening once, and, from some circumstances that followed, I feel justified in entertaining doubt whether Mrs. Cuttle-went with her as boded ill to the daring disturbed with her as boded ill to the daring disturbed with the eight composure of the noble family below; but such was now the datarmination of the interfered with.

It might be difficult to disturb the elegant composure of the noble family below; but such was now the datarmination of the interference with the carpet removed from the floor, the musical box, or, as we would call it, the mandorgan was placed flat on the bare.

Miscellany

**Miscellany

**Mi

the baker and the candlestick-maker had done their duty, as a French butcher, baker and candlestick-maker alone know how to do. The distinguished musical artist who had been engaged for the even-

artist who had been engaged for the evening was promptly in his place, and everything promised a success.

After daining, the party distributed themselves about the salon, and, some one mentioning music, the duke, turning to the machiness, said:

"Ah, madame! I see, with your usual kindness, you have prepared a treat for us. That is certainly the celebrated M. P.—, the planist. Shall we not have some music."

some musics.

The market gracefully replied, motioned the musician to the piano, and the feature of the evening began. Such heartiful musics I wish you could have heard

mented cards, which were the admiration of our friends, had been removed from the drawers.

"Ah, madame." Mrs. Cuttlewent amiably explained, your cards are between them, that I could not resist! I retained them as a some fire of you, my dear friends, and of your kindses. I wish I could first more of them; they are the handsomest! I have ever seen."

All this with such a grand air that we scarcely knew whether to be most vexed or most amused; and the spirit to brave this grandiose old hady, and demand our property, was entirely wanting, I am ashamed to say.

But Mrs. Cuttlewent, though she had her way so completely with us, who had been any some constillers. For some reason or other, this noble family.

Everybody started to his feet. What was the mattern. The musician paused

was the mattern. The musician paused in the very midst of a bar; there were signs of fainting on the part of the ladies what accustomed to the noise, the sounds
what accustomed to the noise, the sounds
seemed to resolve themselves into form,
and the gloss of a popular tune trembled
upon the frightened air.

oon the frightened air.
"There is a revolution!" exclaimed the

to testify; but this I know- that an early hour found the marquis stirring, the con-templated errand to the police-office still uppermost in his mind.

While waiting for a servant to bring his surtout, for the morning was cool, the magnia santered through the rooms, and passing by the grand plane, which had been explessly left open in the excitement of the last night's events, he sat downlikelow it, and began running his fingers ally along the keys after the manner of musicians. As if to srouse him to a sense of his duty—and it certainly had that effect—her. Cuttlewent's organ suddenly began to fit his care with its awful discords. Springing to his feet, the increased gentleman rusted to the door and down into the street, entirely oblivious of the chill are that the comfortable surtout for which he had been waiting.

And all this commotion because Mrs. Cuttlewent chose to perform her morning song upon the organ at that particular mo-While waiting for a servant to bring

song upon the organ at that particular mo-ment! Ah, that excellent lady was not to be caught sapping! To be sure she had been lying on the peaceful couch before referred to, at the moment when the mar-quist finger sounded the first note on the quis' finger sounded the first note on the piano; but the second note saw her up and running across the floor to the room devoted to the hand-organ; and the third, or fourth, at any rate, the half-dozenth note, ound her sitting on the floor in her night-iress, the ruffle on her nightcap still reguldingly testifying to the speed of her novements, and the deafening shricks of he distressed organ to the energy of her

hand.

The marchioness, aroused from her morning nap, lay rejoicing in the utter rout and confusion she had prepared for the belligerent old woman, and impatient for the return of her son with the strong

arm of the law to protect them. At length he came with his report; he had been heard and promised redress; the old woman was to be silenced, and their family peace restored. The gendarmes would visit their enemy and bring her to terms in the course of the day.

A noise on the stairs—they are coming!

The De Saintvilles were excited, how could they help it at such a crisis of fate? I regret to say, though justice demands the truth, our noble friends were guilty of listening, with the door on a crack, to the

sion of this visit?"

"It is a misunderstanding, doubtless," was the polite reply. "Madame has been complained of by the occupants of the apartments below, on account of disturbances, frightful noises, etc., indulged in for their especial annoyance. Madame will, if she please, explain away this little misunderstanding."

The gendarme proceeded to state the charges. Madame was accused of having pulled up the carpet and made unpleasant disturbances, by stamping and pounding made. And when the decision is come to, on the bare floor with a view to annoying it is not always the best. on the bare floor with a view to annoying is her neighbors; and she had procured a frightfully noisy and discordant handorgan, which she used for the same oftensive purpose. What had she to say for herself? These were the charges.

Say for herself, indeed! Charges, indeed! Mrs. Cuttlewent felt all the blood of her distinguished ancestors stir in her

veins; Mrs. Cuttlewent was justly indig-nant; but Mrs. Cuttlewent condescended She was afflicted with cold feet. Mrs.

Cuttlewent felt berself shocked and out-raged to be obliged to refer to her infirmity, but justice must be satisfied, and her innocence must shine like the day.

Mrs. Cuttlewent had discovered that friction was a spec fic for this infirmity,
and she practiced it on the bare floor,
behause her habit of thrift and economy would not allow her to destroy, thus wantonly, her good carpets. The gendarme must himself be aware of the necessity of keeping the feet warm to retain health.

The gendarme could make but one reply to this appeal—to confess the truth of Mrs. Cuttlewent's general remark, an acquiesce in its particular application.

"But the organ, the organ, madame?" he adventured.

"Why the organ I have for

"Why, the organ I keep for my amuse-"Why, the organ I keep for my amuse-ment. I selected it myself with great care; the tone suits me perfectly; I like the airs it plays; and the turning exercise is of great benefit to me in developing the muscles of my arms. And, I assure you," she added, with animation, "for its size it is really an instrument of great power." ower!

"But, madame this porerful instru-ment is what your neighbors complain

of."

"Is it possible! Why, how tastes differ! They dislike my musical instrument, which just suits me, while I have as great a dislike to their musical instrument, which, I doubt not, they think very fine! And so they object to my organ, and actually com-plain of it to the police! I never thought of making such a fuss about the annoy-ance their piano gives me. It really seems o me they have sent you on a fool's er-

of the law, as he took his departure.
But, judge of the feelings of the De Saintvilles when they found the law could not touch their enemy, and when they thought of her enjoying her triumph and her organ in undisputed possession of the field, Mrs. Cuttlewent might be, and neid. Mrs. Cuttlewent might be, and doubtless was, in the wrong, morally, but the law could not reach her. As she said, she was "a law-abiding citizen," and, as such, she took care to keep just within bounds, with a nicety which must win for her admiration.

After this best.

I do not advise you to try it."

I promised to heed her advice, and bade

What it is to be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow?" I heard this remark the other day in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in my girlish times. Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any demoiselle could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "until she gets a good chance, I suppose." It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest woman that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear fushionable friends console you after the following fashion: "Oh, well, it is a dreadful loss. We knew you'd feel it, dear." And, in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

But it is more than this to be a widow. It

But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arm you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness that none other could give it. It is to hear no more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that to your adoring eyes seemed as the angels of God. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said plainly, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held for him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arms length for awhile, only to have—in the hours of loueliness and weakness—the torrent roll over you, while—poor storm-driven dove—you see no heaven.—New York Home Journal.

Choosing A Name.

What name to give "the baby," has often been a serious question in the family council. The question is not the less serious when the child happens to be the serious when the child happens to be the thirteenth: for the usual roll of Mary, John, William, Ellen, Jane, Thomas, James, Sarah, Elizabeth and Ann, has, by that time become exhausted. The debate in such cases generally ends in calling the new comer some fine name—some name which its grandmother never heard of and which has a ring of publify in it.

People's tastes differ widely on the matter of names. What is very sweet and suitable to old folks may be very unbecoming and harsh to the juveniles.
"Mary" is music itself to many persons;
it is piain and common to others. "Mary"
is a perfect name. It is never out of
place, or out of season, either in the palplace, or out of season, either in the pal-ace or in the laborer's cot. Parents can never be wrong in calling one of their girls "Mary." She will never be ashamed of it. Only, if your bright little girl is to be called "Mary," do not add "Ann;" it stands best alone, as the queen of names, requiring no additional grace. Then, if the consultation be concern-

ing a boy, is there no name for him equal in fitness and excellence to mary? I think othy, or Nicodemus. In their places these names are good. In the Bible they sound neither strange nor inappropriate. Take them out of the Bible, and immedi-

ately they seem to lose their fitness.

Let parents exercise a little discretion in adopting Biblical names. Your infants are entirely in your hands; they are unconscious of what is passing. Do not give them names of which they may live to be ashamed. Do not put a stigma upon them which they can never throw off. Remember that their future may be in a measure affected by their very names. It may hinder their advance, or it may promote their welfare. ately they seem to lose their fitness.

Tonce knew a family in which almost every member had a Bible name. The result was, that the sons were called Lot, Ezra, Jehosaphat, Amos, Lazarus and Titus. They were to be pitied, poor fellows. As for Lazarus he would

Name.
Some of the sacred names are most suitable. We never tire of John, James, Thomas, Sarah, Elizabeth, Samuel, Mary and Ruth. But we cannot say this of

others.

But we have not yet named our little boy. What is he to be called? Have you already a John? If not you cannot choose a better name, if you must have one out of the Bible. "John" never grows old in name though he may in years. It suits either baby or grandfather, kine or pauner. ng or pauper. I would, however, make one exception.

Is your family name the uncommon one of Smith? If so, do not name him John Having made these remarks on name giving, and having laid down a few rules for the guidance of fathers and mothers, let me, before the topic is dismissed, give

and she laughed a low chuckle. "Still four Thomases in the same family create rises above the level of insignificance confusion. John senior and John junior I promised to heed her advice, and bade are perplexing sometimes. It is natural her adieu; and that was the last time I for a father to wish his eldest lad to bear his own name; but I would not adhere slavishly to this rule. A change is often an advantage. Too many Abrahams look odd. A succession of Solomons is not al-

ways wisdom.

It may be that parents who read my suggestions will not rigidly observe them. They will, in some cases, doubt my taste, and will, after all, please themselves. By all means do so. Please yourselves; but to please others too. all means do so. Please yourselves; but at the same time try to please others too. In giving names to your children at least avoid oddity, and deery singularity; try to perpetuate good names, and abolish objectionable ones.—Rev. W. Barker.

Boutwell as Supreme Judge.

According to an Associated Press dis patch from Washingten, Mr. Boutwell has decided the income tax to be uncon-stitutional, so far as it affects the salaries of the President of the United States and of the President of the United States and the Judges of the Supreme Court. This statement must be accepted as true, not only because Associated Press reporters seldom make mistakes, but because it is inherently probable. The man who was able to repeal the funding act, which Congress passed for his guidance, and to frame a new act for himself, in plain conflict with the act of Congress, is certainly able to declare any other act of Congress unconstitutional, null and void. The income tax law provides that its constitutionality shall not be questioned in any court of the United States, but by some oversight it does not provide that it shall not be set aside as unconstitutional by the Secretary of the Treasury. Observing this fact, Mr. Boutwell naturally concluded that he was the Supreme judicial

have been afflicted with an apprehension that some one might have the audacity to question his jurisdiction, inasmuch as he restricted the benefits of his decision to the President and the Supreme Court Judges. In this way he prevented the question of the authority of the super-supreme court of Boutwell from being questioned by the Supreme Court tioned by the Supreme Court of the United States, because the members of that tribunal cannot sit in a case in which they are interested. At the same time he cut off all impertment questions from the White House, as the functionary who at present occupies that mansion would never think of doubting the jurisdiction of a tribunal that had accorded him ex-emption from taxation.

Having thus fortified himself against

any reversal of his decision, the next step for Mr. Boutwell to take is to declare the the door of the De Sant villes, and change the maximum, she has been unusually quiet all ber, when the sound of the piano process of the maximum, she has been unusually quiet all studios, and communicated a formal message from his mistress:

"Mrs. Cuttlewent sends her compilments to the Marquis and Marchinoress de Saintville, and hopes that it may not incomplicate the Marquis de Saintville to change his time of practising on the form of a most of the maximum, she has been unusually quiet all studios, and communicated a formal message from his mistress:

"Mrs. Cuttlewent sends her compilments to the Marquis and Marchinoress de Saintville, and hopes that it may not incomplicate the Marquis de Saintville to change his time of practising on the piano, so as most to do any of it between the lours of ten and two, as at that time of practising on the piano, so as most to do any of it between the lours of the and two, as at that time for the complaint of 2 I am at a loss to know how in the father declines the privilege. In other hours of the most agreeable to his own sovereign to have disputable, and hopes that it may not in the point of the piano, so as most to do any of it between the four of possible to the father dour discomfiture."

Who fives upstains, Did I not call you occurate of disturbation in any other complained to the preparation of the piano dound that taxes peace and annoyance. Madame the replied, "my difficulty is not to find names, but bread," is special annoyance. Madame the replied, "my difficulty is not to find names, but bread," if we replied, "my difficulty is not to find names, but bread," if we call below, on account of disturbations, and music, however the form is the point of their especial annoyance. Madame the replied, "my difficulty is not to find names, but bread," if we call below, on account of disturbations, the replied of the internation of their especial annoyance. What are the time as linving the replied, "my difficulty is not to find names, but been down of the piano, so as mixtured

A Glance at Grant's Record.

WHEN, a little more than three years Wins, a little more than three years ago, President Grant assumed the executive chair, he was really less known to the mass of the people than perhaps any other man who had ever filled that exalted position. His career previous to the war had not been such as to attract public attention, or even to develop the leading features of his character to his leading features of his character to his most intimate personal friends, and during the war he was not called upon to express any opinion, or take any decided action outside the line of military duty, which could afford the slightest clue to those cardinal principles that would be likely to govern his conduct as the ruler of a great pation. The most successful likely to govern his conduct as the ruler of a great nation. The most successful soldier of his day, he had also been the most reticent, and the party which elected him could give no good reason for its choice except availability. Not only that party, but the opposition, were inclined to give a fair and impartial trial to one who had seved the country faithfully in the hour of extremest need; and both housel—we may say halicrod—that he hoped—we may say, believed—that he would discharge his duties in such a manner as to add to the brilliant reputamanner as to add to the brilliant reputa-tion won in the field the purer and more lasting glories of civil life. The fact of his having in earlier years entertained con-servative views, though taking no partic-ular interest in political affairs, and that neither before nor after election had he intimated a definite policy, of his own, was also accepted as a favorable indica-tion for the new Administration, and he began his official term under auspices which might well satisfy the proudest ambition.

Thirty-six months have elapsed since then, and we now have ample material upon which to base an accurate estimate of the

then, and we now have amplematerial upon which to base an accurate estimate of the President whose renomination is a foregone conclusion. That with this material clearly displayed before them, the leaders of the Radical party are determined to secure a renomination for him, is certainly not a cheerful commentary upon the nature and tendency of popular government; and the intelligent and patriotic eitizen may discover reason for grave solicitude in the movements designed to advance the fortunes of one who has already received more honors than he has either deserved or improved. Let us glance briefly at the salient points in the Presidential record of Grant, and discover, if we can, their true intent and meaning, and what they foreshadow in the future.

Next to possessing first-class ability one's self, is the talent of finding and utilizing first-class ability in others; but if President Grant has this talent, he has never shown it in the selection of his Constitutional advisers. With one or two honorable exceptions, the members of his frequently-changed Cabinet have hardly been second-rate men, and in several in stances far below mediocrity. Such Attorney-Generals as Akerman and Williams, such Secretarics of the Navy as Borie and Robeson, are worse than ridiculous when there are scores of persons of the same political complexion having equal claims, equal honesty, and ten times as much brain-power. It would seem as if the Chief-Magistrate were afraid to bring a commanding intellect into his council lest the owner of it should overshadow himself; but whatever the cause, none can deny that he has drawn to display the had no pocket book, but of our shade when there are scores of persons of the same political complexion having equal claims, equal honesty, and ten times as much brain-power. It would seem as if the Chief-Magistrate were afraid to bring a commanding intellect into his council lest the owner of it should overshadow himself; but whatever the cause, none can deny that he has drawn

and in several instances sinks beneath contempt. Schenck advertising himself as a Director of a mining company, while Minister at the Court of St. James; Sickles leaving his post at a most critical period of Spanish affairs, in order to obtain a fat fee as a railway lawyer and lobbyist; Cramer insulting his colleagues and banished from decent society in Copenhagen; Boker writing bad poetry at Constantinople; Settles calculating the profits of a Knyklyx witness at Lima. Constantinople; Settles calculating t profits of a Ku-Klux witness at Lim and a dozen more of like stripe and a dozen more of the stripe in high and low places—these are the individuals whom the President has thought fit to elevate at the expense of the national reputation and national self-respect. Should he be re-elected, we shall have four years more of them, or their coun-

terparts.

It is scarcely necessary to dilate upon the quality of the rank and file of Grant's home appointments; many of them have spoken for themselves before courts of inquiry and committees of investigation, and in the long list of defaulters, peculators and corruptionists whose plunder-ings are a matter of history. And never, under this or any other government, has there been such a shameless exhibition of there been such a shameless exhibition of nepotism as is witnessed in the present Administration. The ties of blood or of marriage have been able to override the plainest demands of public necessity; and on the score of relationship men of no-torious incapacity have been assigned to positions of responsibility, and though demonstrating their unitness by actual experiment, have, in no single instance, been removed. If this Administration is perpetuated, the standard of our civil ser-vice will remain where it is, and the disgrace of nepotism be intensified rather than diminished. President Grant's regard for right and

president Grant's regard for right and justice in small things is illustrated by his pardon of Bowen, convicted of bigamy, and his championship of Murphy, the impudent and unscrupulous Collector of New York; and the naval protectorate of San Domingo and the military support given Holden in North Carolina show heave much right and justice influence. w much right and justice influence

him in great things.

The abuses we have enumerated, to which additions might be made ad infinitum, are now before the people for initum, are now before the people for indorsement or condemnation. The reelection of President Grant will be a virtual approval and ratification of all his
acts in the past, and an encouragement
for their repetition. It will establish the
principles which he has inaugurated;
principles which sap the foundation of
political morality and free government—
and these once firmly fixed, the ultimate
ruin of the nation cannot long be delayed.
The danger which threatens is masked by
no disguise—it is as clear as the noonday no disguise—it is as clear as the noonday sun. It remains for us to say whether that danger shall be avoided or embraced. —Missouri Alepublican.

bond, and was mulcied by the cor which decided that an oyster is a fish.

BY WARRANTA WILLETS. Little Gus while playing will hugh; All the world is as bright as the sun, Though her face is darker by half Than half the bright things she looks or

She loves the red roses and pansies; She laughs when she sees the rain fall; In starlight and mosellight she fancies She sees the great God over all.

Little Hetty is fair as a bily.

TOMMY'S "APRIL FOOL"

"Say, Tommy, did you know it was April Fool to-morrow?" whispered Billy, nysteriously.
"No. What for?" asked Tommy, great

ly puzzled.
"Oh, to fool fellers," said Billy; "you put things around for greenies to pick up, and pin strips of newspaper on to their coat-tails—but I'll tell you the best go. You tie a string to a pocket book and put

hawk?"
"No," said mamma, "a boy did that; a

tle heap, and jumped up laughing. But the other lay with her poor little head on the curb stone, and her blue eyes shut as fast as if she had been asleep. She wasn't asleep, though, and when they lifted her up there was blood all over her yellow curls, and blood ran down her white face. Somebody carried her home, and the little boy who had done all the mischief followed after, crying dreadfully. The doctor

little girl got well, and the yellow curls grew out again, and here she is this very minute, but you may be sure she never wants her little Tommy to try any April Fool tricks."-Little Corporat

Tom's "Gold Dust."

to me your things don't look as well as they ought." They were in the garden, and "the things" the boy had his eyes on and "the turns" the boy had no close were the current bushes.

"I don't expect they do," replied his uncle. "I'm no great hand at a garden.
Well, sir, what can you improve?"

an oyster saloon, and was such on the bond, and was mulcted by the court with fruit, fine large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked into the garden, exclaimed, "What splendid currants you have."

Youths' Department.

TWO CHILDREN.

they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; "for value received" was stamped on all he passed away. Take eare of your gold dust,—
Little American, She laughs when she looks up above, She laughs when she looks in my eye; Se's a rogue—an elf whom I love; She is happy, and cannot tell why.

She cries when she plays in the garden,
She solts when she loses her doll.
And thinks that the flowers should ask pardor
For being so mapply and tall.
Though she's blest through the night and the
This little one weeps at my knee.
And will not be joyous and gay.
Dear little ones, which would you be,

The child that amiles up in God's face,
Thugh she's ragged, and poor is her home,
Or the child that looks down from His grace,
Away from the blessings that come?

- Our Young Folks.

it on the sidewalk, and hide behind the fence, and when fellers go to pick it up you yank it back and holler 'April Fool' at 'em."

Tommy saw the joke, and laughed a lit-

The providence of country and a sometiment by the hand of one providence of providing partial gentlemen. Mr. Cuttlewents were continued with their interactions, in the worm, and the providence of providing partial gentlemen. Mr. Cuttlewents were continued with their interactions in the bitter was reached one night, with Mrs. Cuttlewents plain, old-feithford pooling and plain to be providence of the provid

Jinging contents, and waiked rapidly away.

Toffmy was so intent upon getting ready to say "Aperil Fool" that he did not comprehend what had happened until the boy disappeared around the corner, and then he started for the gate, screaming:

"Bring it back! I want my bank!"

"April fool! April fool!" shouted some boys across the street, and Tommy ran sobbing to mamma to tell her the sorrowful story.

ful story.

"Well," said mamma, "I'm sorry about the bank; said minima, I in sorry about the bank; but if it teaches you not to try such silly tricks again, I shall be willing to have you lose it. See here, Tonnny," and mamma lifted her hair and showed him a great ugly scar just above her tem-

ple.
"Oh!" said Tommy, in a horrified tone,
"did an Injun scallup it wid his choppen-

"No," said mamma, "a boy did that; a boy not much bigger than you, who wanted to play a trick on April Foe's day."

"I'd a shutted him in a jail, if I'd a been there," said Tommy, fiercely.

"He tied a string across the walk," said mamma, "in such a way that it lay on the ground, but could be tightened by pulling at one end, and then this little boy hid behind the fence and waited for some one to come along. Two little girls came by, chattering and skipping, and never looking at the ground until quick as a flash their feet struck the string. One of them rolled over and over in a funny little heap, and jumped up laughing. But

looked very grave, and there were days and days when nobody could tell what would be the end of it all." Mamma saw the tears in Tommy' eyes, so she said gaily "But after all, the

"Uncle," said Tom one day, "it seem

"I can try on the currants," said Tom. They want to be trimmed out, and the ood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them and put ashes on the roots ?"

His uncle had never done these things;

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. The boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust." Where did Tom get gold dust." He was a noor boy. He had not

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every speck and are had taught him that every speck and par-ticle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if

Popping Corn.

There is no evening fireside luxury much more enjoyable than a dish of nice popped corn. Almost every one likes it, and all can have it, for in expense it amounts to but a trifle. Now it is with pop corn, as with very many other things we have to fix up for the palate, much depends upon pregnaturation. Some pan corn. pends upon preparation. Some pop corn in hot fat, but this mode is not generally adouted. It is prepared in almost every conceivable way by experts for the mar-ket, nicely colored and sweetened; but, as yet. I have never found any having quite the richness of that prepared at my own hearthstone. I do not mean by this to boast of any superior ability, or set my-self up as a champion corn-popper, for what I know of it I learned of others, and

what I know of it I earned of others, and after I tell you how it is done, you can do it as well as I.

Salt and sugar seem to be the favorite articles for flavoring, but used together they are no benefit. Grease is sometimes applied to make the salt adhere—for dry applied to make the salt adhere—for dry salt will rattle through and soon be at the bottom of the pan. Now try this plan: Take a pepper sauce bottle or one like it, and fill it with water in which the largest possible amount of salt has been dissolved; then with this, sprinkle the corn, at the same time stir the corn briskly with a spoon. The brine should not be put on so plentifully as to make the corn wet, for this will make it tough. A small amount of salt water will be absorbed instantly, imparting the flavor evenly and perfectly all through.

all through.

Those who prefer sweet to salt, can

Those who prefer sweet to salt, can make a great improvement over the old method of balling with molasses, by taking loaf sugar and dissolving it with just water enough to keep it from burning; then, while the syrup is hot, put a little at a time upon the corn and stir rapidly. The grains will not compact, but each one be coated or crystalized. The corn will not be sticky and none of that raw molasses flavor will be imparted.

As to the popping part, it makes no odds whether it is done in a spider, kettle or patent popper; the latter, however, is the most convenient, but do not let the work be done to rapidly. If heat expands and bursts the kernels suddenly, the corn is not cooked as well as under a more moderate process. By trying this you will see the difference in flavor. I prefer the rice corn to any other, and you will see the difference in flavor. I prefer the rice corn to any other, and would advise all who have even a few rods of ground to raise some pop corn.
If you raise it, you'll have it; and if you don't it's possible you'll go without.—
Bertha, in Ohio Farmer.

Sick-Room Hints.

A SICK-ROOM should have a pleasant aspect. Light is essential. Blinds and curtains may be provided to screen the eyes too weak to bear full day, but what substitute makes up for the absence of that blessed sunshine without which life languishes? The walls should be of a cheerful tint; if possible, some sort of out-door glimpse should be visible from the bed or chair where the invalid lies, if it is but the top of a tree and a bit of sky. Eyes which have been traveling for long, dull days over the patern of the paper-hangings, till each bud and leaf and quirl is familiar—and hateful—brighten with pleasure as the blind is raised. The mind, wearied of the grinding battle with pain and self, finds unconscious refreshment in A SICK-ROOM should have a pleasant asand self, finds unconscious refreshment in the new interest. Ah, there is a bird's shadow flitting across the pane. The tree-top sways and trembles with soft rustlings —a white cloud floats dreamily over the —a white cloud floats dreamily over the blue—and now, oh delight and wonder, the bird himself comes in sight and perches visibly on the bough, dressing his feathers and quivering forth a few notes of song. All the world, then, is not lying in bed because we are, is not tired of its surroundings—has not the back-ache! What a refreshing thought! And though What a refreshing thought! And th this glimpse of another life, the fresh natural life from which we are shut out— that life which has nothing to do with that are which has nothing to do with pills and potions, tip-toe movements, whispers, and doctor's boots creaking in the entry—may cause the hot tears to rush suddenly into our eyes, it does us good, and we begin to say with a certain tremulous thrill of hope: "When I go out again, I shall do"—so and so.

Ah, if nurses, if friends knew how irksome, how positively harmful is the

some, how positively harmful, is the stimeness of a sick-room, surely love and skill would devise remedies. If it were only bringing in a blue flower to-day and only bringing in a blue flower to-day as a pink one to-morrow; hanging a fresh picture to vary the monotony of the wall, or even an old one in a new place—something, anything—it is such infinite relief. Small things and single things suffice. To see many of his surroundings changed at once confuses an invalid; to have one lit-tle novelty at a time to vary the point of observation, stimulates and cheers. Give him that, and you do more and better than if you filled the apartment with fresh

than if you filled the apartment with result objects.

It is supposed by many that flowers should be carefully kept away from sick people—that they exhaust the air or communicate to it some harmful quality. This may, in a degree, be true of such strong, fragrant blossoms as fillacs or garden lilies, but of the more delicately-scented ones no such effect need be apprehended. A well-aired room will never be made close or unwholesome by a nosegay of roses, mignonette, or violets, and the subtile cheer which they bring with them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes and depressed spirits,—"Home and Soci-ety," in Scribner's for April.

Chinese Suspension Bridges.

THE most remarkable evidence of the

mechanical science and skill of the Chi-nese at this early period is to be found in their suspension bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers. Sandeau, the commander of the writers, Sangleang, the commander of the army Kaon-tsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shensi to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys but rendered a communication difficult had rendered a communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers, he cut passages over the moun-tains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abstracts. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another, across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, fly-ing bridges, and represented to be numername which its grandmother never heard of, and which has a ring of nobility in it. I once asked the father of a family of some dozen children, how he managed to find names for them all. "Names, sir?" he replied, "my difficulty is not to find names, but bread."

But our present question is, "What are wholly relieve Congress of the troublesome business of providing revenue, and reway to call baby?" Sometimes the mother, in her hour of joy and thankfulness, as a mark of affection for her husband says, it is her hour of joy and thankfulness, as a the father declines the privilege. In other house, the called the boys, and for the mother to mame the boys, and for the mother to make the count of the finds himself unable to carry his subsidy or substance the finds himself unable to carry his subsidy or syndicate schemes through in any other the done. In Wilmington, Del., some time ago, and of the thought, he said, "currants took care the thought, he said, "currants took care the thought, he said, "currants took care the thought, he said, " were made of iron, the him may be them been taken from these for similar constructions by European engineers.—Scientific Press.